

FOURTH OF JUNE:

OR,

Birth-Day Loyalty.

A

LOCAL ALLEGORICAL EFFUSION,

(IN TWO PARTS):

AS PERFORMED

At SADLER'S WELLS.

1792.

Harding D185

INTRODUCTORY CHARACTERS

ASMODEUS	—	<i>Mr. Dighton.</i>
HERMIT	—	<i>Mr. Jones.</i>
PUPIL	—	<i>Mr. Perry.</i>

ALLEGORICAL CHARACTERS.

NAVAL OFFICER	—	<i>Mr. Wordsworth.</i>
WAR	—	<i>Mr. Durancy.</i>
DISCORD	—	<i>Monf. Fialon.</i>
DULNESS	—	<i>Mr. Boismaison.</i>
MIRTH	—	<i>Mr. Dubois.</i>
HARMONY	—	<i>Mad. Marchesini.</i>
PEACE	—	<i>Mrs. Perry.</i>
PLENTY	—	<i>Mrs. Dighton.</i>
INDUSTRY	—	<i>Miss Keys.</i>
COMMERCE	—	<i>Mrs. Baker.</i>



THE
FOURTH OF JUNE, &c.

P A R T I.

SCENE—AN HERMITAGE.

Hermit and Pupil.

RECIT.—*Hermit.*

Shut from the world, and far from mortal ken,
Here let us ponder o'er the ways of Men,—
Here, o'er the Lamp, consult the Grecian sage,
And read mankind in his enlightened page ;
Then moralize, from noise and folly free,
And taste the joys of calm philosophy ;—
Joys that can ne'er on kings and princes wait,
Nor thrive at busy courts, in regal state.

Asmodeus rises.

Ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha ! ha !
Well said, old Philosopher ! faith 'twould provoke
Any Devil to laugh at so arrant a joke !

B

Here

Here, shut in the dark, and most wilfully blind,
 You think to obtain a full view of mankind !
 Away with your books—put them all on the shelf,
 Quit your cell, follow me, I'll instruct you myself.
 Nay, dread nothing ill—I'm a devil, 'tis true—
 But, less hurtful to man than such mortals as you.

SONG.

My name is Asmodeus, Sir, but commonly call'd the
Devil,
 And you and all the world conceive me full of sin and
 evil;
 And with my sin and with my name, you use a won-
 d'rous knack;
 For when a miser cheats an heir, you say 'tis *dev'lish* black.
 The stormy wind blows bleak and cold, you say 'tis
dev'lish keen;
 Your racer, Nimrod, loses flesh, you say he's *dev'lish* lean;
 Young Sukey goes to meet her love, she's in a *dev'lish*
 fright—
 Her father pops, and spoils her sport, and Suke looks
dev'lish white.
 Now, Irish Pat meets Sheelah dear, and swears she's
dev'lish neat,
 And Pat and she they hug and kiss, and say 'tis *dev'lish*
 sweet;
 At nine months end, poor Sheelah finds a feel that's
dev'lish new—
 She tells her Pat, she's *dev'lish* sick, and Pat looks *dev'lish*
 blue.

RECIT.

RECIT.—*Pupil.*

Trifler, begone—thy boasted task resign—
 Thy food is satire—sage instruction mine :
 Mislead me not, vain, busy, thoughtless fool,
 Whose only joy on earth is—ridicule.

Asmodeus.

Nay, as I'm a gentleman, that I deny ;
 No courtier's more civil, than sometimes am I.
 My devilship ne'er was of sunshine afraid,
 Nor quitted the light to lay hold on the shade ;
 And I'll quickly produce, to convince you 'tis true,
 A prospect, the brightest you Britons can view :
 Hark ! loud acclamations proclaim it on earth,
 That this happy day gave your Sovereign birth ;
 Then let's to the capital instant repair,
 And take a short view of society there ;
 From lowest to highest the scale we'll survey,
 And behold with true pleasure the joys of this day.
 Be dumb, as invisible—grumble no more—
 See, hear, and grow wiser, thou wise man of lore.
 First of the joyous throng in Wapping see,
 How honest Tars express their loyalty,

(Scene changes to Wapping.)

A DANCE OF SAILORS, &c.

RECIT.—*Asmodeus.*

Now onward to St, James's let us pass,
 There view the scene as in a magic glass :

Where British worth and honour crowd the way,
And good and great shine eminently gay.

(Scene changes to a View of the Court-yard at St. James's, with the Equipages of the Nobility, &c. passing across).

RECIT.—*Asmodeus.*

Prepare thy mind for new delights,
The splendid ball-room now invites'
There feast thine eyes—there man of reason see,
How happy, how beloved a king can be.—

(Scene changes to a view of the Ball-room, with the company seated according to the Court-etiquette, on his Majesty's Birth-Day.)

TRIO.—*Asmodeus.*

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
Where Kings and glad Subjects thus firmly unite.

Hermit.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the delight,
While George—great George and his People unite.

Pupil.

Sweet—sweet—how sweet the delight,
In Loyalty, true Loyalty when Subjects unite.

PART II.

*Hermit and Pupil.*RECIT.—*Hermit.*

In truth, where I see a whole kingdom rejoice,
 And the greatest Man in it unfulled by vice,
 I feel that much less I'm displeased with mankind,
 And a ray of philanthropy brightens my mind;
 Methinks I could yield to the joys of content,
 And laugh at those follies I cannot prevent.

Asmodeus (coming forward.)

Say you so, my old Grecian?—why then, to make sure,
 We'll visit a spot that shall finish your cure,
 Where mirth and true loyalty always are seen,
 And whim ever offers some pill for the spleen;
 At this very moment my Devilship tells
 Gay fancy decks out a fair treat at the WELLS.
 Then behold her festivity brought to thy view,
 And enjoy the glad scene, as a Britain should do.—

(Scene draws, and discovers the Stage emblematically decorated with an illuminated Picture of the Royal Family—)

Allegorical Procession, with Song, Dance, &c.

PEACE.

Attended by Shepherds and Shepherdesses.

PLENTY.

(8)

PLENTY.

Followed by a number of Agricultural Characters, &c.

INDUSTRY.

*Leading two Children, and followed by various
Mechanics.*

TRIO and GLEE.

See peace and plenty join the festive lay,
Crowning the pleasure of this happy day ;
Chearful and active see industry smile,
And share ev'ry blessing in this favour'd land,

Every heart this day rejoices,
Loyal subjects raise your voices
'Till the lofty welkin ring.
May the sov'reign live for ever
Deck'd with glory fading never.
George for ever !—Live the King !

COMMERCE

*Emblematically attended by Merchants, Soldiers,
Sailors, &c.*

SONG.

Hail to the day whose beams again
Returning claim the choral strain,
For him who fills the throne :

For

For him the Guardian of our Laws,
Will every subject shout applause,
And make this day his own.

CHO. Hail to the day, &c.

Blest be the day which gave thee birth!—
Let other Monarchs tear the earth
Ambition's pow'r to prove
Confest thy milder virtues shine—
Thou rul'st indeed!—our hearts are thine,
And thine is all our love.

Cho, Hail to the day &c.

Hence is Britannia's weal maintain'd
Hence are the rights his fathers gain'd
To ev'ry subject known.
Hence, to the Throne, in Songs of praise
A Grateful Realm it's tribute pays
And makes this day it's own.

Cho. Hail to the day &c.

HARMONY.

Joining with Peace, Plenty, Industry and Commerce.

WAR-

Interrupting Harmony—but driven off disappointed.

DISCORD and DULNESS.

Hastily retiring from the festivity of the Scene.

MIRTH.

(10)

MIRTH.

Followed by a Train of Dances; they are joined by Harmony, and being disturbed by Discord and Dulness drive them off, and successively display in Garland Letters

“ GOD SAVE THE KING.”

“ LONG LIVE THE KING.”

Discord and Dulness again rush on with lighted Torches, and endeavouring to throw all into confusion, are, overthrown by Harmony and Mirth, who display over their prostrate enemies in Garland Letters

“ MAY THE KING LIVE FOR EVER.”

The rest of the Characters, at same time joining in a general

HUZZA!

F I N I S.



